

Summer Job

by
Greg Bunch

© 1997 Greg Bunch

713 Hardwicke Dr.
Knoxville, TN 37923
(P) 865.406.2890
(e) gregbunch@gmail.com
(w) www.talesofthefabricationist.blogspot.com

INT-HALLWAY-NIGHT

From behind a door we hear a male voice whispering. The knob begins to jiggle, then stop.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
(whispering and getting louder
and more agitated)
Hold up a second. Stop for Christ's sake.
Jesus. Back up a second so I can get a
hold of the fuckin' knob. Christ this is
heavy.

The knob turns and this time the door starts to open.

MALE VOICE (cont'd)
Now...back up, back up slowly, and be
careful.

The door opens to reveal the back of BUTCH, a man in his early thirties dressed in a tuxedo with the tie removed. GLENN (26), wearing jeans and an untucked T-shirt, emerges from the room as Butch moves into the hallway.

They are struggling with something heavy but we can not see what it is. They continue down the hallway.

BUTCH
(Still whispering but angrier)
Let me lead...quit pushing.

GLENN
Walk faster.

BUTCH
Shut the fuck up and let me lead.
You're...Christ...this is heavy.

GLENN
Of course it is.

Butch stops and stares at Glenn. They don't put down what they are holding

BUTCH
What's that supposed to mean?

GLENN
How much do you think it weighs?

BUTCH
How the fuck am I supposed to know?

GLENN

You don't know how to gauge weight...just like I said. It weighs 160 pounds.

BUTCH

Bullshit.

GLENN

You think it got heavier...since we picked it up?

BUTCH

How about you just shut the fuck up.

GLENN

Look...I don't have to be here.

BUTCH

What? You think This is a...favor you're doing me here. You think you can just leave...whenever you want?

GLENN

Yeah...I do.

BUTCH

(Laughing under his breath)
Well...you can't. You see college boy...unless it's just slipped your mind. You owe some very unpleasant people a very large sum of money. You're in more debt than you'll ever know.

GLENN

Well, I'm an optimist. Things might just turn around for me tonight.

BUTCH

Well, I'm not...so don't count on it.

GLENN

(amused)
Not being able to count is how I ended up here.

BUTCH

Well now that you are here, you do everything I tell you to. If you find that an unfair proposition just let me know. (pause) I'll be happy to help you get out of it.

GLENN
That's seems kinda' optimistic.

BUTCH
It ain't nothin' but moving my little
finger.

Butch makes an action of squeezing the trigger of a gun.

GLENN
Or not.

BUTCH
Now...how about you just shut the fuck
up, and let me lead.

They begin moving down the hallway again toward the stairs.

Their movement up the stairs is awkward and silent.

EXT. ALLEY-NIGHT

A door opens. The two men move outside. Butch is leading and walking backward.

BUTCH
Tell me when to stop. I turn around, I'll
trip.

GLENN
Just keep going back we're almost there.

BUTCH
(struggling)
I'm about to lose my end here.

As they move through the frame they start to pass the back of a car. Butch pays it no mind and keeps walking. Glenn stops beside the car Butch has just passed.

GLENN
(tilting his head in the
direction of the car)
here...stop...this is it.

BUTCH
What? (pause) This is the car?

A long shot reveals the two men and the car they are standing beside.

The car is a Gremlin and the two men can be seen carrying a body wrapped in sheets. A dark stain can be seen on the underside of the sheets.

Butch drops his end of the body abruptly and it slams to the ground with the dull thump of a ripe melon. This leaves Glenn still holding the legs which now stick up in the air.

Butch starts walking around the car and looking through the large bubble window in the back.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
This is the fucking car you got?

GLENN
(still holding the legs)
Yeah...what's wrong with it?

BUTCH
What's wrong with it?

BUTCH (CONT'D)
Angrily pointing out the cars obvious faults.
It's a God damned bubble on wheels.

Walks back to Glenn, getting in his face

That might be just fine for the fucking
Pope, but Christ...

Motioning to the body and lowering his voice.

...he's not trying to get rid of a
fucking body...now is he?

GLENN
No.

BUTCH
No. And even if he was...at least his car
has a fucking trunk.

GLENN
Would it be alright if we just got this
in the car before people hear you.

Butch pulls a gun from the back of his pants and points it at Glenn's head.

BUTCH

While you're telling me what to do
college boy, illuminate me as to why I
shouldn't just drop you right here.

GLENN

Because then you'd have to pick me back
up again. I'd hate to see you waste all
that energy.

BUTCH

I don't know if your brave...or just
stupid.

GLENN

I don't either, but if you hit me now we
can pretend like your my father.

BUTCH

(putting the gun away)
I don't do impressions. Or depressions so
I'm gonna' let you dig the hole. From
what I've seen your pretty good at it.

Butch walks to the rear of the car and tries the hatchback
which is locked.

BUTCH (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Gimme the keys.

GLENN

They're in my pocket.

BUTCH

Then get them out.

GLENN

My hands are full.

BUTCH

Which pocket?

GLENN

What?

BUTCH

Which pocket are the fuckin' keys in?

GLENN

Right front.

BUTCH

Jesus.

Coming over Butch reaches into Glenn's pocket and retrieves a set of keys.

GLENN

Not those.

BUTCH

What?

GLENN

Wrong set of keys. There's another set of keys in there. Those are mine...to my car.

Butch reaches back into Glenn's pocket and pulls out another set of keys. He holds them up to Glenn.

BUTCH

Is this them...or you just like me fishing around in your pocket.

GLENN

That's them.

Butch starts to walk away.

GLENN (cont'd)

Could you put the other set back.

BUTCH

When we're done.

GLENN

OK...but don't lose them.

BUTCH

You don't trust me?

GLENN

I don't know (pointing to the corpse) did he?

Butch goes around to the back of the car and opens the hatch back. He comes back and picks up his end of the body. Both men move around and try to fit the body in. Rigor mortis has set in so the body is stiff and difficult to bend.

The body rests on the bumper of the car.

Butch moves around and tries pushing on the body, but it doesn't budge.

GLENN (cont'd)
Just back up and I'll take care of this.

BUTCH
Go ahead college boy. You seem to believe you have more experience with this.

Butch moves back and Glenn starts to reposition the body. Glenn moves the head and shoulders into the car causing the feet to stick out. Moving his foot into the car, and placing it just above the corpse's waist, Glenn pulls the legs quickly toward himself. There is a loud popping sound as the legs move around turning the body into an "L" shape.

Glenn slides the new body shape easily into the back of the car.

GLENN
It's all about the fulcrum.

BUTCH
The fulcrum.

GLENN
Where the pelvis meets the spine is the largest hinge point on the human body.

BUTCH
Get in the fucking car.

Butch and Glenn get into the car and drive away.

EXT.ROAD-NIGHT

The car is driving down a main drag with stores and fast food joints all around. Traffic is light.

EXT.MACDONALD'S PARKING LOT-NIGHT

The car suddenly takes a wild turn as Butch pulls it into a McDonald's and heads for the drive through.

GLENN
What the hell are you doing?

BUTCH
I'm hungry.

GLENN

Hungry? You're gonna get us busted.
You're the one who said the car wouldn't
work.

BUTCH

Well...after I thought about it, it ain't
all that bad. I mean who would be dumb
enough to lug a body around in a car like
this.

The car pulls up to the window and a young freckled face kid
appears.

MACDONALD'S WORKER

Welcome to McDonald's...may I take
your...(noticing the car) cool...a
Gremlin.

BUTCH

You like it?

MACDONALD'S WORKER

Yeah.

GLENN

What the hell are you doing?

BUTCH

(To the kid)
Wanna buy it?

MACDONALD'S WORKER

How much?

BUTCH

Five hundred bucks.

GLENN

What the fuck are you...?

BUTCH

...shut the fuck up. I'm trying to make
some money. It's better then just
torchin' it when we're through. (to the
kid in the window) So you interested kid?

MACDONALD'S WORKER

Yeah.

BUTCH

Great I'll be by tomorrow. Bring the cash
and it's yours. (turning back to Glenn)
What do you want?

GLENN

I'll pass.

BUTCH

Suit yourself. (turning back to the
window) I'll have a Big Mac combo with
Coke...and super size it.

MCDONALD'S WORKER

It'll be a minute on the fries.

BUTCH

That's fine.

As Butch and Glenn sit waiting for the order a Police car
pulls up behind them. Glenn notices them in the side mirror
as they pull up. The headlights from the cop car illuminate
the inside of the Gremlin.

GLENN

FUCK.

BUTCH

Just sit tight. Cops gotta eat too.

Butch pulls the gun from his waist and places it under his
leg.

GLENN

Fuck...I can't see anything.

BUTCH

As soon as the food gets here we'll just
drive off nice and slow.

The MacDonald's worker comes back to the window and hands the
food to Butch who keeps an eye on his side mirror.

MACDONALD'S WORKER

I'll bring the money tomorrow if you
still want to sell the car.

BUTCH

Great kid.

Butch slowly lets the car roll forward and begins to drive
for the exit keeping his eyes on the cop car as it pulls up
to the window.

Stopping at the exit of the lot Butch has to wait for a couple of cars to pass before pulling out. As he starts to pull out the cop car's siren and lights turn on and the cop car races toward them.

GLENN

FUCK. FUCK.

Butch grabs the gun from under his leg and starts to raise it. As he pulls out of the parking lot the cop car cuts him off and he has to break suddenly. The cop car pushes past the Gremlin and screams down the street in the direction Butch and Glenn came from.

BUTCH

What a rush...eh college boy.

Butch and Glenn collect themselves. Butch puts the gun back under his leg and pulls out into the street heading away from the Parking lot.

EXT.WOODS-NIGHT

Butch sits in the back of the car with the hatchback up, eating the last of his fries. In front of him, a light illuminates a large hole from the inside.

We see a flashlight then a shovel fly over out of the hole and come to rest on it's edge. Glenn's hands pop up over the edge of the hole and as he pulls himself out.

BUTCH

It's about time. It was deep enough half an hour ago. We only have one body.

GLENN

Well, You really don't want it to surface sometime in the future, now do you?

Butch removes his jacket and pulls the gun from the back of his pants again. Glenn starts to react until he realizes Butch is just placing it in the back of the car.

BUTCH

Lets go college boy. We finish this before all the bars close I'll buy you a drink.

GLENN

Oh...we're friends now?

BUTCH

No, but watching you dig that hole made me thirsty.

Glenn moves toward the car and both men pull the body out of the back. Butch is leading again with his back to the hole. As they reach the edge Butch makes a few calculated steps and starts to move to the side of the hole. As he does this Glenn pushes hard on the legs of the corpse and both Butch and the body fall into the grave.

BUTCH (cont'd)
(from inside the hole)
You dumb fuck. What did you do that for.
Messed up my God damned tuxedo. I
lead...haven't you learned anything yet.

We see Glenn from Butch's POV looking into the hole. He has the gun in his hand.

BUTCH (cont'd)
What the hell are you doing. You better
put that gun down, or I'll kick the
livin' shit out of you.

Butch lunges for the side of the hole to climb out. Glenn shoots him in the arm and he falls back into the hole.

BUTCH (cont'd)
(he is in pain holding his arm)
What the hell did you do that for. Is it
about earlier?

Glenn is silently staring into the hole, the gun still in his hand.

GLENN
You know earlier, when you said you
didn't do impressions, you were wrong.
Cause your doin' a really fine one now of
a dead man.

BUTCH
WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS ABOUT?

GLENN
Just paying off my debts.

Glenn fires three more times into the hole killing Butch. Throwing the gun ahead of him, Glenn jumps in and rummages around in Butch's pockets until he finds his keys.

GLENN (cont'd)
I knew I could trust you.

He pulls out Butch's wallet and removes his ID and the cash.
He tosses the wallet back down.

(climbing out of the hole)
I can't believe you didn't even see it
coming.

Glenn takes the shovel and starts to fill the hole in.

GLENN (cont'd)
Dumbass.

EXT.MACDONALD'S PARKING LOT-DAY

Glenn is seen counting a wad of money while the kid from the
night before looks on.

MACDONALD'S WORKER
There's nothin' wrong with it is there?
Where's the other guy?

GLENN
Kid...the car works like a charm.

Glenn starts walking away across the lot.

MACDONALD'S WORKER (O.C.)
Hey...it smells like something died in
here. HEY.